SECRET

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I did no reading tonight. Instead, I spent a large portion of it in the bathroom, convinced I was suffering from acute ptomaine poisoning.

November 14, 1962 - Wednesday

More house guests. Jessie left post-dawn yesterday; Carmen Esnault-Pelterie arrived last night with her son Michel; George McGhee blew in from Brussels this morning, to stay.

I rode George down to the office; we went over many things enroute. I accompanied him, with Joe Wagner, to the Foreign Office, where he told Lord Home, Harold Caccia, and others, of his as yet inconclusive efforts to close the Congo rift.

Kitty Miller had long ago invited us to lunch at 40B Hill Street. I was so sorely stricken I could eat little, but did enjoy the company--Lord Camrose, Slim Keith, Mr. Spiegel (movie mogul and yachtsman), and others.

I put in a couple of hours this afternoon at the Commonwealth Relations Office, at a renewal of the Indian sessions.

Thereafter, I chickened, threw over meetings with General Lemnitzer, Admiral Matter, Tom Robins, and others, and by 5:30 was in bed with a temperature of 101°. It might be I have this odd kind of influenza presently so common in London.

E gave a small dinner party while I ate broth and toast. The guests were:

The Hon. George McGhee
Mr. Carter Brown
Miss Wright
Mrs. Beale
General Ted Curtis
Madame Esnault-Pelterie

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November 15, 1962 - Thursday

Stayed in bed all day, living on gruel, reading, dealing with office papers, content to be free of interviews; in fact, I'm not sure I'd not rather be ill than tied to routine work, a dangerous thought.

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